On Images and A Person

By Shomit Sirohi

I. Signs

I thought I’d write you this song

And take your sadness away

Like this I commence

A walk to the boulevards,

I met woman,

Fell in love.

When I am distressed,

It goes away.

I was told,

By a work of art.

Above a crisis,

Downstairs,

Art.

II. Pure Steps in Life

Walk into a Church
Be a writer

Smile at Church images and paintings,

Is life that simple

That I forgot to be at a concert.

I am in my house

Broken.

I solve it by talking to people.

I am so alone.

A guitar is strummed,

And I am singing.

III. Use-Value in Marx

What we understand

What we understand

I am theatrical

I am on dishes,

I am lanky

And tall,

I pronounce the Gospel.

I also mean,

Find Paradise,

Just to be into Arthur Koestler I mean,

Can life be so divine

To be an artist.

That he is smoking,

And philosophizing.

He is drinking

And dancing.

A man so well read,

That women are in love,

Live letters,

But be a better judge,

It is infinite, to

Believe in things,

Thing

The thing

That thing is my life.